

This novelization by Amelia Bingham of her successful play, "A Modern Magdalen," is replete with love, interest and excitement.



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"You forget, my dear, that I have forbinden you to

the very idea of a sister who may have-may have

"Hush! Here he comes now. Oh, no! It's only

Jenkins, as he entered the room, showed even

daughter. He was sprucely dressed, stouter than of

old, and a general air of unmistakable prosperity per-

"Ah, my dears!" he cried airily. "Back home early

as you see! How sweet is that dear word 'Home!' 'No place like home,' as the poet hath it. Even the

Disregarding Mrs. Jenkins's snort of contempt he

"Home is where my thoughts turn after the arduous

"Speaking of prosperity," interrupted Mrs. Jenkins,

"No. no! Let him stay. Every little helps. And,

here because he thinks some day Katiaka will com-

'Olivia!' corrected Mrs. Jenkins, angrily, "how often

must I forbid you to allude to that person who

"Be still!" ordered Jenkins, with a flash of spirit

"don't you think we're prosperous enough now to get rid of Eric Hargreaves? It doesn't look well to keep

posed to such vices."

but waterproof roof. Ah, if" -

back. He loves her so."

"Brinker!

father."

my heart."

resumed:

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER. Katinka, eldest daughter of Hiram Jenkins, a rulned insurance an, liver in extreme poverty in a Brooklyn tenement, with her character is an order to be an extreme poverty in a Brooklyn tenement, with her character is a Brooklyn tenement, wi man, live, in extreme poverty in a Brooklyn tenement, with her father, her suppnother and her intresset, Olivis. Eric Hargraves, a student, who leves Katinka, boards with them. The gri is also leved by Albert Lindsey, a man about town, who pursues her with unwelcome attentions. Her father comes home from a vain search for work, with a plan for their betterment. Jenkine's plan is that Katinka marry Brinker, a rich and vuigar usurer who has asked for her hand. Olivia, whom she loves, is dying for want of proper food. Notwithstanding this, Katinka refuses. In despair she leaves home.

CHAPTER III.

STRANGER entering a pretty cottage on the outskirts of Brooklyn about a year after the events chronicled in the preceding chapter would, not have recognized the prosperous family occupying it as the down-at-the-heels Jenkinses a year before.
For the Jenkins family had risen in life.

Jenkins, so his wife took pains to explain, had stopped drinking and had worked up sufficient trade in his insurance agency to permit them to move to their present quarters and to live there in something approaching an uence.

Mrs. Jenkins looked less fretful and plumper than of old. She was well dressed and gloried in a false front (which did not match the rest of her hair). A far greater change was observable in Olivia. She

was well again, no trace of the former wan, haggard look or consumptive pailor remaining in her rounded labors of the day. After I have been toiling from pink cheeks and clear eyes. pink cheeks and clear eyes.

She was, moreover, very happy: for she had lately become engaged to John Strong, the eminent young reformer, and idolized him as only a very young girl can idolize a thoroughly selfish man. The early spring sunshine one afternoon in April a boarder; and besides, he comes home so dirty and

flooded the cozy sitting-room where Olivia and her grimy from the works." "How soon will John be here?" asked Mrs. Jen-

"He said he'd come as early as he could. Yesterday was busy writing the report for his Anti-Vice Society. I've just been reading it.'

"About the wickedness in great cities. I only read abandoned her family when we were starving? The it because John says one must know evil in order to ingrate!" old it.

"Ah! what a good young man he is! I hope the that was not wholly artificial. "You shall not speak so of my child! Olivia, you meant no harm, but your

Anti-Vice Society pays him well." "Fifty dollars a week, he tells me."

"I'm glad of that. It would never do for you to marry a poor man and live as we used to before your window. The other. There's Brinker coming up the "Fifty dollars a week, he tells me." father began to make so much money out of his in- path.

surance agency." "What awful times they were! Katinka's disap-p. Trance was the last blow. After that things began "There, there, my dears. An excellent man in his to look up almost immediately."

"No, thank heaven! I paid him in full out of the So, thank fleaven; I paid him in full out of the very first money she—out of the first proceeds of my insurance business. We are safe from him. This is purely a friendly visit, I suppose. I'll go and let him in."

Suiting the action to the word he ushered Brinker. "Oh, no," replied Brinker. "Rusiness is business to him on," way, eh?"

Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your way, eh?"

Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your line in your self-way, eh?"

Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your way, eh?"

Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your line, it is a look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your way, eh?"

Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your way, eh?"

Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your way, eh?"

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Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your way, eh?"

Look pretty comfortable yourself. Luck coming your way, eh?"

"What does he want here?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, in our former benefactor—at 30 per cent! No offense, 1 others."

"Why, my dear fellow, I—I"—

"Here's Eric," interrupted Mrs. Jenkins, as young sudden suspicion. "You're not in his debt now, are our former benefactor-at 30 per cent! No offense, 1 others "Oh, no," replied Brinker. "Business is business their wealth for yourself?"

THE SURPRISE.



AT THE NAME JENKINS STARTED VIOLENTLY.

into the little sitting-room with a wave of the hand

"No. No money in it. While other folks scribble heard such an outburst from the stolid Brinker, nor poetry I set rich. I'm three times as rich as I was a dreamed that such fire could blaze behind his heavy Brinker, with real interest. "Welcome, old friend, to our modest but meritorious year ago. Wall street. I live in New York now eyes. It was ome."

Mind if I smoke. Mrs. Jenkins? Thanks. Have one, had ever made. "Hello, Jenkins," grunted Brinker, none too cor- Jenkins? Match? Thanks. Yes, I'm a rich man to-

"I confess that might possibly stimulate me a wee as the Scotch bard hath it.

"Well," announced Brinker, "I'm ready to blow my 'Noble man! How?'

You remember an offer I made you last year?

"About Katinka." "Olivia," interposed Mrs. Jenkins. "go into the other

"Now," went on Brinker, when she had gone, "I

He paused, and locked uncertainly about him "My friend," said Jenkins, "you'd better sit down, ou look III. Here! Have a drink! 'Quaff, oh quaff his deep Nepenthe and forget,' as the poet bath' ---"I'm not well," growled Brinker. "I am worse very day. I can't stand it."

"You said something about a proposition," suggested Mrs. Jonkins, when Brinker had emptied his

"Yes. Last year I wanted to marry Katinka. I till want to marry her. I've waited. I'm still waitng. What's become of her?"

"We don't know," snapped Mrs. Jenkins, "and we on't care."

"Emily, my dear," observed Jenkins, "I beg you Ill fade into a tender shence." "I can believe Mrs. J. don't know where the girl is,"

ald Brinker, "but how about you, Jenkins?" "No. If I knew, would not this charming wife of

'Never sends you money or writes to you, ch?" 'Money indeed!" shrilled Mrs. Jenkins. "The ungrateful minx! For all she cared we might have tarved! The idea of

'Heart's dearest," broke in Jenkins, uneasily, again let me implore you to become a component part of the vast billowy silence of the Universe." "Thought maybe she'd staked you to all this prosperity," commented Brinker, "she'd have done it all

ight, all right, if she was flush." "We're well rid of the girl and we're glad to forget

"Forget her!" cried Brinker, roused out of his terrific hours I sat there in that accursed place, chok-usual heavy demeanor and pacing the floor in excite- ing with the vile fumes of tobacco. The crewning in-But the girl's face has got into my mind and I can't worse. I can't sleep. I can't get any pleasure out of things had I not seen and heard them myself." my money. I can't euloy anything. That's what your precious girl's done for me. Sho's in my mind night and day till I'm half out of my head. I s'pose it's what fools call 'love.' Nice sort of thing for a Strong, who had not heard this byplay. 'The woman's straightforward, grown-up business man, sin't it? face and voice are still in my memroy. I would that But I'd wreck my fortune and my life, too, for a sight I had never gone there, despite the fact that the visit

"You remember my wife and Olivia, don't you. "Somehow," yawned Jenkins, "I can never seem to "Jenkins, I'll give you \$1,000 if you'll tell me where

Hargreaves came in from his day's work.
"Why, hello, Hargreaves!" hailed Brinker. "Still

at the old homestead, ch?"
"I am still boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, if you mean that," replied the young man, coldly, net offering to shake hands.

"No offense, I'm sure. Only I was wondering why you hadn't followed Katinka. You were mashed on ner, weren't you?"

Without replying, Eric turned toward his own room. "Tell me where she is," begged Brinker.
"I don't know. If I did, you're the last man I should tell.

"Manners aint improved much," commented Brinker as Eric departed.
"It may be he doesn't feel his heart warm toward

ou in any marked degree," suggested Jenkins. "He's

always very polite to us."
"May I come in now?" called Ohvia from the half. 'Here's John." "Put away the whiskey, quick!" whispered Mrs.

Jenkins, as Olivia came in, followed by a gloomy-looking youth, whose spare, ill-knit little body seemed dwarfed by a huge head,
"Why, John! How glad I am to see you!" cried

Mrs. Jenkins, effusively.

"Hello, Strong," said Jenkins, airtly, "let me pro sent a friend of other days, Mr. Brinker." The newcomer greeted Brinker with sad solemnity. "You look blue, Strong," observed Jenkins. Have

"Of water," finished Jenkins, hastly. " 'Water, cold

water, cold water for me, but wine for the tremulous lebauchee!" as the poet hath it. Anything the mat-

drop of"---

"Papa!"

Music Hall."

'Much!" responded the youth, gloomily.

"Oh, do tell us, deart" pleaded Olivia.
"Last night," began Strong, with the air of one addressing a mass-meeting, "I attended the performance at that haunt of vice known as the Mohawk

"Bully good show they've got there now, I hear," interpolated Brinker.
"It was awful!" shuddered Strong, while the rest

her," said Mrs. Jenkins "If you've got any sense, glared disapproval at Brinker. "I went there in the Mr. Brinker, you'll forget her, too." ment. "Forget her! I'd give \$1,000,000 if I only could. famy of the evening was a song and dance by a But the girl's face has got into my mind and I can't woman of great beauty. Song and dance were both get it out. You say I'm lookin' bad. Well, I'm feelin' wicked beyond belief. I could scarce believe in such

"I'll go there this very night," muttered Brinker. "Are you with me, Jenkins?"

"The performance was a nightmare," pursued of her."

afforded me so excellent a theme for my next report

The two listeners stood aghast. They had never to the Anti-Vice Society. But that awful woman!"

eyes. It was probably the longest speech the man had ever made.

Gaining control of himself with an effort, Brinker recovered himself. Not, however, before Brinker had noted the start.

(To Be Continued.)

## MMF LOUISE TELLS HOW

TO MAKE THIS PARIS GOWN.



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## SOL SMITH RUSSELL'S DEBUT AS AN ACTOR. Sol Smith Russell, the comedian, who myself, and, to tell the truth, my lot them, perhaps, had boxes soap boxes in which he and the three other dogs For Women Readers of The

travelling dog show, and it happened at Chillipothe, O. I had left my home in Indiana at the age of fourteen, determined to join the Union Army sooner than be a minister, as my family hoped. I was trying to get to Cincinnati to en list, but on the way fell in with rounder named Carter, who had a small show outfit, which he was taking around from village to village. I could sing and dance a little, and Carter needed some one who could perform such feats without demanding a high salary. I was glad enough to ge thing to do, and so we started out Chillicothe, was the first town we struck. This was some time early in 1862. Carter was the owner manager star, advance agent, billposter, treasscene-shifter, stage manager scenic artist, herald, property man and stage carpenter. He was a sleek clown and would do anything on earth to make his audience laugh-that is, when

we had an audience. "No trick was too cheap for him. o joke too hackneyed, no exhibition to disagreeable, no work too hard. He would resort to any scheme to bring people to his show-our show, a combina tion of human and animal intelligence. I remember distinctly that when we reached Chtillcothe our first stand, Carer said to me:

"Russell, my boy'-1 was then four-toen-'this is Chillicothe. We show here o-night, and must do something to get I want you to n audience together own through the middle of the street and do a song and dance or two at the hotel. It will be a big advertisement, and will be a good thing in the way of reaking you in too. At jutervals during the offermion you can sing a few countracement and get up a lively step or two, and FE talk things up around the

"This signal me as not being just the proper thing, for I had my own ideas shout the dignity of an actor. Carter was a clown merely, with law ideas. while I aspired to something higher was a chull singler and dancer but no a low buffines. So I chiected and ac-

Make Friends with Page.

Meat Mile dist

died recently, left an autobiography in might have been easier had I belonged. Our orchestra was an old violin player manuscript, from which this sketch of to the canine breed. We put in most whom we called San Diego. I never music. The dogs were smart and did his earliest struggles as an actor is of the afternoon rigging up the theatre. Knew his real name. When not drunk many clever tricks. I sang comic -a room on the second floor of a brick San Diego furnished the music for us, songs between acts, while Carter and "My first real debut was in the ca-building known as the Allison Block, at but he was usually drunk. Carter's the dogs were resting. The price of pacity of a canal-boat mule with a the head of Paint street. The building greatest act was standing on a chair admission was low, and we tried to



BOL SMITH RUBBELL I N "A POOR RELATION "

definer altitude to may going with falm faces from will fitture to apparent the sente processing airs absented to made without the plane and inchestrations

This gestions has a good chargest ful accounts of character and character of columnia in ground class story and a some of the companies of the columns of th

not consent to appear on the to gill standing, and every time I play and eating five-durating culture stant to femally of believingers and remained with skillistly manipulated in his mouth the persons the mouth and suraises a sword and do leading two of the dome and I she Ather) is the audition. I think they were a great mater rather change trains a minde a second day to the Ather than the Ather than a great day of the Ather than the Ather than a great day of the Ather than a grea

give the audience its money's worth. "From Chillicothe Carter decided to

go to the town of Yellow Bud, down the river. He bought a small, ratty flatoat from some one for almost nothing. put abourd some provisions, the dogs San Diego and himself, and told me to get out and tow the boat from the tow path which ran along the river's bank. "I got a strong, round stick, tied the straddled the rope. and with the stick as a brace against my breast. I began to play the horse act. That gave me enough horse play ndulged in horse play since, on the stage or off. I wasn't very strong then, but it was a case of sink or swim. so I towed away as faithfully as a mule. To cut this kimona for a child of six so I towed away as faithfully as a mule. To cut this kimona for a child of six San Diego fell into a drunken stupor on years of age 4 yards 27 inches wide. PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS 200c, and 30c. the bost, and Carter roared at me if I 3 1-8 yards 32 inches wide or 2 1-4 yards dared to slow up the boat for a rest. 44 inches wide will be required, with When the men were stient the dogs set 2 1-4 yards in any width for bands and up a howl that brought forth a volley soke. up a howl that brought forth a volley yoke.

of curses. The weather was springlike and warm, and I was soon hot and tired.
I maven't an tidea how long we were reaching Yellow Bud, but I do know that I towed that wretched boat allowed that wretched the wretched wretched I maven't an idea how long we were reaching Yellow Bud, but I do know that I towed that wretched boat almost every foot of the way.

"From Yellow Bud, where business was very bad, we went to Circleville. and then to Lancaster, where I could o longer stand Carter's treatment, and I went to Capt. Hooper's recruiting agency and, being able to drum some, he allowed me to go to Chechnati with a company of soldiers, I being the I wunted to go to the drammer boy front with the troops, but the authorities wouldn't take me. So I worked my way, dissusted to Catro, Ill., where, at the Defiance Theatre, I was lucky

"Tiest company played anything could get unid of diest was casy and many and danced between the sole and played a drum in the orchestra I got to ment and I could scarcely realize tion the mainerment figured out that I was worth such a princely sumwas rained to \$5 and then to \$15. when I thought that I was of much importheir for years

"I don't know what became of Cartes

computed for one seems. Americaning deriver according to an assumption and that make admissioner of name derivations.

CRITERION " THE

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER AIDS PERPLEXED LOVERS.

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enough to join a little company and EMPIRE THE ATRE December and some make a real stage start.

"That company played anything it THEATER December and some and stage start."

"That company played anything it THEATER December and some any and anything it the little and the some any any and anything it.

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